R. White fec.
Mrs. Behn.

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THE
Unfortunate Bride:
OR,
The Blind Lady a Beauty.
A
NOVEL.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *S. B.* and sold by the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster.* 1700.

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OR,

The Blind Lady a Beauty.

A

NOVEL.

TO

Richard Norton,

OF

Southwick in *Hantſhire*, Eſquire.

Honour'd SIR,

EMinent Wit, Sir, no more than Eminent Beauty, can eſcape the Trouble and Preſumption of Addreſſes; and that which can ſtrike every body with Wonder, can never avoid the Praiſe which naturally flows from that Wonder: And Heaven is forc'd to hear the Addreſſes as well as Praiſes of the Poor as Rich, of the Ignorant as Learned, and takes, nay rewards, the officious, tho' perhaps impertinent Zeal of its leaſt qualify'd Devotees. Wherefore, Sir, tho' your Merits meet with the Applauſe of the Learned and Witty, yet your Generoſity will judge favourably of the untaught Zeal of an humbler Admirer, ſince what I do your eminent Vertues compel. The Beautiful will

 per-

permit the moſt deſpicable of their Admirers to love them, tho' they never intend to make him happy, as unworthy their Care, but they will not be angry at the fatal Effect of their own Eyes.

But what I want in my ſelf, Sir, to merit your Regard, I hope my Authoreſs will in ſome meaſure ſupply, ſo far at leaſt to leſſen my Preſumption in prefixing your Name to a Poſthumous Piece of hers, whom all the Men of Wit, that were her Contemporaries, look'd on as the Wonder of her Sex; and in none of her Performances has ſhe ſhew'd ſo great a Maſtery as in her Novels, where Nature always prevails; and if they are not true, they are ſo like it, that they do the buſineſs every jot as well.

This I hope, Sir, will induce you to pardon my Preſumption in dedicating this Novel to you, and declaring my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
and moſt humble Servant,

S. Briscoe.

*** *Place this Epiſtle Dedicatory next after the Title of the* Blind Lady.

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OR,
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NOVEL.

By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, in *Charles-Street, Covent-Garden*, 1698.

THE

Unfortunate Bride:

OR, THE

The Blind Lady a Beauty.

Frankwit and *Wildvill* were two young Gentlemen of very conſiderable Fortunes, both born in *Staffordſhire*, and during their minority, both educated together, by which opportunity they contracted a very inviolable Friendſhip, a Friendſhip which grew up with them; and though it was remarkably known to every body elſe, they knew it not themſelves; they never made profeſſion of it in words, but actions; ſo true a warmth their fires could boaſt, as needed not the effuſion of their breath to make it live. *Wildvill* was of the richeſt Family, but *Frankwit* of the nobleſt; *Wildvil* was admired for outward qualifications, as ſtrength, and manly proportions, *Frankwit* for a much ſofter beauty, for his inward endowments, pleaſing in his converſation, of

a free, and moving air, humble in his behaviour, and if he had any pride, it was but just enough to shew that he did not affect humility, his mind bowed with a motion as unconstrained as his body, nor did he force this virtue in the least, but he allowed it only; so aimable he was, that every Virgin that had Eyes, knew too she had a Heart, and knew as surely she should lose it. His *Cupid* could not be reputed blind, he never shot for him, but he was sure to wound. As every other Nymph admired him, so he was dear to all the Tuneful Sisters, the Muses were fired with him as much as their own radiant God *Apollo*; not their loved Springs and Fountains were so grateful to their eyes as he, him they esteemed their *Helicon* and *Parnassus* too; in short, when ever he pleased, he could enjoy them all. Thus he enamour'd the whole Female Sex, but amongst all the sighing captives of his Eyes, *Belvira* only boasted charms to move him, her parents lived near his, and even from their Childhood they felt mutual Love, as if their Eyes at their first meeting had struck out such glances as had kindled into am'rous flame. And now *Belvira* in her fourteenth year, (when the fresh spring of young virginity began to cast more lively bloomings in her Cheeks, and softer longings in her Eyes) by her indulgent Father's care was sent to *London* to a Friend, her Mother being lately dead: When, as if fortune ordered it so, *Frankwit*'s Father took a journey to the other World,

World, to let his Son the better enjoy the pleaſures and delights of this: the young Lover now with all imaginable haſte interred his Father, nor did he ſhed ſo many Tears for his loſs as might in the leaſt quench the Fires, which he received from his *Belvira*'s Eyes, but (maſter of ſeventeen hundred pounds a year, which his Father left him) with all the Wings of Love he flys to *London*, and ſollicits *Belvira* with ſuch fervency, that it might be thought he meant Deaths Torch ſhould kindle *Hymen*'s; and now as ſoon as he arrives at his Journeys end, he goes to pay a viſit to the fair Miſtreſs of his Soul, and aſſures her, that tho he was abſent from her, yet ſhe was ſtill with him; and that all the Road he Travell'd her beauteous Image danced before him, and like the raviſhed Prophet, he ſaw his Deity in every Buſh; in ſhort, he paid her conſtant viſits, the Sun ne're roſe, or ſet, but ſtill he ſaw it in her company, and every minute of the day he counted by his ſighs ſo inceſſantly he importuned her that ſhe could no longer hold out, and was pleaſed in the ſurrender of her heart, ſince it was he was Conqueror, and therefore felt a triumph in her yielding; their Flames now joyned, grew more and more, glowed in their Cheeks, and lightened in their glances; eager they looked, as there were pulſes beating in their Eyes; and all endearing, at laſt ſhe vowed, that *Frankwit* living ſhe would ne're be any other mans; thus they paſt on ſome time, while every

day rowled over fair, Heaven ſhowed an aſpect all ſerene, and the Sun ſeemed to ſmile at what was done; he ſtill careſſed his charmer with an innocence becoming his ſincerity, he lived upon her tender breath, and basked in the bright luſtre of her Eyes, with pride, and ſecret joy.

He ſaw his Rivals languiſh for that bliſs, thoſe charms, thoſe rapturous and extatick tranſports which he engroſſed alone. But now ſome eighteen months (ſome ages in a lovers Kalendar) winged with delights, and fair *Belvira* now grown fit for riper joys, knows hardly how ſhe can deny her preſſing lover and herſelf to crown their vows, and joyn their hands as well as hearts. All this while the young Gallant waſh'd himſelf clean of that ſhining dirt, his Gold; he fancied little of Heaven dwelt in his yellow Angels, but let them fly away as it were on their own Golden wings, he only valued the ſmiling Babies in *Belvira*'s Eyes. His generoſity was boundleſs as his Love, for no man ever truly loved that was not generous. He thought his Eſtate like his paſſion, was a ſort of a Pontick Ocean, it could never know an Ebb: but now he found it could be fathom'd, and that the Tide was turning, therefore he ſollicits with more impatience, the conſummation of their joy: that both might go like Martyrs from the flames immediately to Heaven; and now at laſt it was agreed between them that they ſhould both be one, but not without ſome reluctancy on the female

male ſide, for 'tis the humour of our Sex, to deny moſt eagerly thoſe grants to Lovers, for which moſt tenderly we ſigh: ſo contradictory are we to our ſelves, as if the Deity had made us with a ſeeming reluctancy to his own deſigns, placing as much diſcords in our minds, as there is harmony in our faces. We are a ſort of aiery Clouds, whoſe Lightning flaſh out one way, and the Thunder another. Our words and thoughts can ne're agree. So, this young charming Lady thought her deſires could live in their own longings, like Miſers wealth-devouring Eyes; and e're ſhe conſented to her Lover, prepared him firſt with ſpeaking looks, and then with a fore-running ſigh, applyed to the dear charmer thus: *Frankwit, I am afraid to venture the Matrimonal bondage, it may make you think your ſelf too much confined, in being only free to me.* Ah! my dear *Belvira*, he replyed, that one, like Manna, has the taſte of all, why ſhould I be diſpleaſed to be confined to Paradice, when it was the curſe of our fore-fathers to be ſet at large, tho they had the whole World to roam in: You have, my Love, ubiquitary charms, and you are all in all, in every part. *Ay but*, reply'd *Belviria, we are all like perfumes, and too continual ſmelling makes us ſeem to have loſt our Sweets, I'll be judged by my Couſin* Celeſia *here, if it be not better to live ſtill in mutual love, without the laſt Enjoyment.* (I had forgot to tell my Reader that *Celeſia* was an heireſs, the only child of a rich *Turkey* Merchant, who when he dyed left

her fifty thousand pound in Money, and some Estate in Land; but, poor creature, she was blind to all these riches, having been born without the use of sight, though in all other respects charming to a wonder.) *Indeed, says* Celesia, (for she saw clearly in her mind) *I admire you should ask my judgment in such a case, where I have never had the least experience; but I believe it is but a fickly soul which cannot nourish its Off-spring of desires without preying upon the body.* Believe me, reply'd *Frankwit*, I bewail your want of sight, and I could almost wish you my own eyes for a moment, to view your charming Cousin, where you would see such Beauties as are too dazzling to be long beheld; and if too daringly you gazed, you would feel the misfortune of the loss of sight, much greater than the want on't; and you would acknowledge, that in too presumptuously seeing, you would be blinder then, than now unhappily you are.

Ah! I must confess, reply'd Belvira, *my poor dear Cousin is blind, for I fancy she bears too great an esteem for* Frankwit, *and only longs for sight to look on him.* Indeed, reply'd *Celesia*, I would be glad to see *Frankwit*, for I fancy he's as dazzling as he but now describ'd his Mistress, and if I fancy I see him, sure I do see him, for sight is fancy, is it not? or do you feel my Cousin with your Eyes? *This is indeed, a charming blindness, reply'd* Frankwit, *and the fancy of your sight excels the certainty of ours; strange! that there should be such glances even in blindness.*

blindneſs? You, fair Maid, require not Eyes to conquer, if your night has ſuch Stars, what Sunſhine would your day of ſight have, if ever you ſhould ſee? I fear thoſe Stars you talk of, ſaid *Belvira*, have ſome influence on you, and by the compaſs you ſail by now, I gueſs you are ſteering to my Couſin. She is indeed charming enough to have been another Off-ſpring of bright *Venus*, blind like her Brother *Cupid*. *That* Cupid, *reply'd* Celeſia, *I am afraid has ſhot me, for methinks I would not have you marry* Frankwit, *but rather live as you do without the leaſt Enjoyment, for methinks if he were marry'd, he would be more out of my ſight than he already is.* Ah! Madam, return'd *Frankwit*, love is no Camelion, it cannot feed on Air alone. *No but, rejoyn'd* Celeſia, *you Lovers that are not blind like love itſelf, have am'rous looks to feed on.* Ah! believe it, ſaid *Belvira*, 'tis better *Frankwit*, not to loſe Paradice by too much knowledge; Marriage-enjoyment does but wake you from your ſweet golden Dreams: Pleaſure is but a Dream, dear *Frankwit*, but a Dream, and to be waken'd. *Ah! Deareſt, but unkind* Belvira, *anſwer'd* Frankwit, *ſure there's no waking from delight, in being lull'd on thoſe ſoft Breaſts of thine.* Alas! (reply'd the Bride to be) it is that very lulling wakes you; Women enjoy'd, are like Romances read, or Raree-ſhows once ſeen, meer tricks of the ſlight of hand, which, when found out, you only wonder at your ſelves for wondering ſo before at them. 'Tis expecta-

tion

tion endears the blessing; heaven would not be heaven, could we tell what 'tis. When the Plot's out you have done with the Play, and when the last Act's done, you see the Curtain drawn with great indifferency: *O my* Belvira, *answered* Frankwit, *that expectation were indeed a Monster which enjoyme nt could not satisfy; I should take no pleasure* he rejoin'd, *running from hill to hill, like Children chasing that Sun which I could never catch.* O thou shalt have it then, that Sun of Love, reply'd *Belvira*, fir'd by this complaint, and gently rush'd into his arms, (rejoyning,) so *Phœbus* rushes radiant, and unsullied into a gilded Cloud. *Well then, my dear* Belvira, answer'd Frankwit, *be assured I shall be ever yours, as you are mine; fear not you shall never draw Bills of love upon me so fast as I shall wait in readiness to pay them; but now I talk of Bills, I must retire into* Cambridgeshire, *where I have a small concern as yet unmortgaged, I will return thence with a brace of thousand pounds within a week at farthest, with which our Nuptials by their celebration shall be worthy of our love. And then, my Life, my Soul, we shall be joyn'd, never to part again.* This tender expression mov'd *Belvira* to shed some few tears, and poor *Celesia* thought herself most unhappy that she had not eyes to weep with too; but if she had, such was the greatness of her grief, that sure she would have soon grown blind with weeping. In short, after a great many soft vows, and promises of an inviolable faith, they parted with a pompous sort of pleasing woe; their

concern

concern was of such a mixture of joy and sadness, as the weather seems, when it both rains and shines. And now the last, the very last of last adieu's was over, for the farewels of Lovers hardly ever end, and *Frankwit* (the time being Summer) reach'd *Cambridge* that night, about nine a clock; (strange! that he should have make such haste to fly from what so much he lov'd!) and now, tir'd with the fatigue of his Journey, he thought fit to refresh himself by writing some few lines to his belov'd *Belvira*; for a little Verse after the dull prose company of his servant, was as great an ease to him, (from whom it flow'd as naturally and unartificially, as his love or his breath) as a pace or hand-gallop, after a hard, uncouth, and rugged trot. He therefore, finding his *Pegasus* was no way tir'd with his land travel, takes a short journey thro the air, and writes as follows.

My dearest dear Belvira,

YOu knew my soul, you knew it yours before,
I told it all, and now can tell no more;
Your presence never wants fresh charms to move,
But now more strange, and unknown pow'r you prove,
For now your very absence 'tis I love.
Something there is which strikes my wandring view,
And still before my eyes I fancy you.

Charm-

Charming you ſeem, all charming, heavenly fair,
Bright as a Goddeſs does my love appear,
You ſeem, *Belvira*, what indeed you are.
Like the Angelick off-ſpring of the skies,
With beatifick glories in your eyes.
Sparkling with radiant luſtre all Divine,
Angels, and Gods! oh heavens! how bright they ſhine!
Are you *Belvira*? can I think you mine!
Beyond ev'n thought, I do thy beauties ſee,
Can ſuch a heaven of heavens be kept for me!
O be aſſur'd, I ſhall be ever true,
I muſt ——
For if I would, I can't be falſe to you.
Oh! how I wiſh I might no longer ſtay,
Tho I reſolve I will no time delay,
One tedious week, and then I'll fleet away,
Tho love be blind, he ſhall conduct my road,
Wing'd with almighty love to your abode,
I'll fly, and grow immortal as a God.
Short is my ſtay, yet my impatience ſtrong,
Short tho it is, alas! I think it long.
I'll come, my life, new bleſſings to purſue,
Love then ſhall fly a flight, he never flew,
I'll ſtretch his balmy wings; I'm yours,---- *Adieu.*

Frankwit.

This Letter *Belvira* receiv'd with unſpeakable joy, and laid it up ſafely in her boſom, laid it, where the dear Author of it lay before,

fore, and wonderfully pleas'd with his humour of writing in Verſe, reſolv'd not to be at all behind-hand with him, and ſo writ as follows.

My dear Charmer,

YOu knew before what power your love could boaſt,
But now your conſtant faith confirms me moſt.
Abſent ſincerity the beſt aſſures,
Love may do much, but faith much more allures,
For now your conſtancy has bound me yours.
I find, methinks, in Verſe ſome pleaſure too,
I cannot want a Muſe, who write to you.
Ah! ſoon return, return, my charming dear,
Heav'n knows how much we mourn your abſence here:
My poor *Celſia* now would charm your ſoul,
Her eyes, once blind, do now divinely rowl.
An aged Matron has by charms unknown,
Given her clear ſight as perfect as thy own.
And yet, beyond her eyes, ſhe values thee,
'Tis for thy ſake alone ſhe's glad to ſee.
She begg'd me, pray remember her to you,
That is a task which now I gladly do.
Gladly, ſince ſo I only recommend
A dear relation, and a dearer friend,
Ne're ſhall my love ——— but here my note muſt end.

Your ever true Belvira.

When

When this Letter was written, it was ſtrait ſhown to *Celeſia*, who lookt upon any thing that belong'd to *Frankwit* with rejoycing glances; ſo eagerly ſhe perus'd it, that her tender eyes beginning to water, ſhe cry'd out, (fancying ſhe ſaw the words dance before her view) Ah! Couſin, Couſin, your Letter is running away, ſure it can't go itſelf to *Frankwit?* A great deal of other pleaſing innocent things ſhe ſaid, but ſtill her eyes flow'd more bright with luſtrous beams, as if they were to ſhine out; now all that glancing radiancy which had been ſo long kept ſecret, and as if, as ſoon as the cloud of blindneſs once was broke, nothing but lightnings were to flaſh for ever after. Thus in mutual diſcourſe they ſpent their hours, while *Frankwit* was now raviſhed with the receipt of this charming anſwer of *Belvira's*, and bleſt his own eyes which diſcovered to him the much welcome news of fair *Celeſia's*. Often he reads the Letter o're and o're, but there his fate lay hid, for 'twas that very fondneſs proved his ruin. He lodg'd at a Couſin's Houſe of his, and there, (it being a private family) lodged likewiſe a Blackamoor Lady, then a Widow; a whimſical Knight had taken a fancy to enjoy her; *enjoy her did I ſay? enjoy the Devil in the fleſh at once?* I know not how it was, but he would fain have been a bed with her, but ſhe not conſenting on unlawful terms, *(but ſure all terms are with her unlawful)* the Knight ſoon marry'd her,

as

as if there were not hell enough in Matrimony, but he muſt wed the Devil too. The Knight a little after died, and left this Lady of his (whom I ſhall call *Moorea*) an Eſtate of ſix thouſand pounds *per Ann.* Now this *Moorea* obſerved the joyous *Frankwit* with an eager look, her Eyes ſeemed like Stars of the firſt magnitude glaring in the night; ſhe greatly importuned him to diſcover the occaſion of his tranſport, but he denying it, (as 'tis the humour of our Sex) made her the more inquiſitive; and being jealous that it was from a Miſtreſs, employ'd her Maid to ſteal it, and if ſhe found it ſuch to bring it her; accordingly it ſucceeded, for *Frankwit* having drank hard with ſome of the Gentlemen of that Shire, found himſelf indiſpoſed, and ſoon went to Bed, having put the Letter in his pocket: The Maid therefore to *Moorea* contrived that all the other Servants ſhould be out of the way, that ſhe might plauſibly officiate in the warming the bed of the indiſpoſed Lover, but likely, had it not been ſo, ſhe had warmed it by his intreaties in a more natural manner; he being in bed in an inner Room, ſhe ſlips out the Letter from his pocket, carries it to her Miſtreſs to read, and ſo reſtores it whence ſhe had it; in the morning the poor Lover wakened in a violent Fever, burning with a fire more hot than that of Love. In ſhort, he continued ſick a conſiderable while, all which time the Lady *Moorea* conſtantly viſited him, and he as unwillingly ſaw her (poor Gen-

Gentleman) as he would have ſeen a Parſon; for as the latter would have perſwaded, ſo the former ſcared him to Repentance. In the mean while, during his ſickneſs, ſeveral Letters were ſent to him by his Dear *Belvira*, and *Celeſia* too, (then learning to write) had made a ſhift to give him a line or two in Poſtſcript with her Couſin, but all was intercepted by the jealouſy of the Black *Moorea*, black in her mind, and dark, as well as in her body. *Frankwit* too writ ſeveral Letters as he was able, complaining of her unkindneſs, thoſe likewiſe were all ſtopt by the ſame Blackmoor Devil. At laſt, it happened that *Wildvill*, (who I told my Reader was *Frankwit*'s friend) came to *London*, his Father likewiſe dead, and now Maſter of a very plentiful fortune, he reſolves to marry, and paying a viſit to *Belvira*, enquires of her, concerning *Frankwit*, ſhe all in mourning for the loſs, told him his friend was dead. Ah! *Wildvill*, he is dead, ſaid ſhe, and died not mine, a Blackmoor Lady had bewitched him from me; I received a Letter lately which informed me all; there was no name ſubſcribed to it, but it intimated, that it was written at the requeſt of dying *Frankwit*. Oh! I am ſorry at my ſoul, ſaid *Wildvill*, for I loved him with the beſt, the deareſt friendſhip; no doubt then, rejoyned he, 'tis Witchcraft indeed that could make him falſe to you; what delight could he take in a Blackmoor Lady, tho ſhe had received him at once with a ſoul as open as

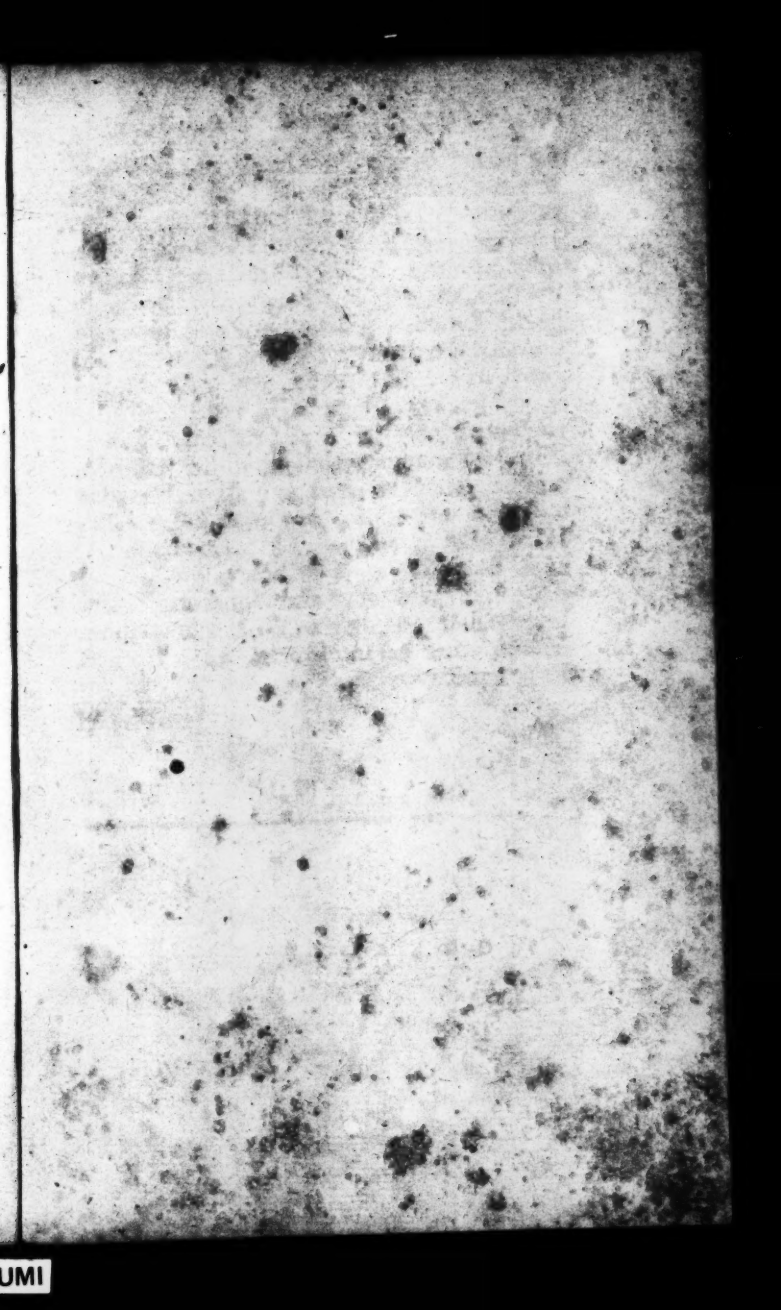
her

her longing arms, and with her Petticoat put off her modeſty. Gods! How could he change a whole *Field argent* into downright *Sables*. 'Twas done, returned *Celeſia*, with no ſmall blot, I fancy to the Female Scutcheon. In ſhort, after ſome more diſcourſe, but very ſorrowful, *Wildvill* takes his leave, extreamly taken with the fair *Belvira*, more beauteous in her cloud of woe; he paid her afterwards frequent viſits, and found her wonder for the odd inconſtancy of *Frankwit*, greater than her ſorrow, ſince he dy'd ſo unworthy of her. *Wildvill* attack'd her with all the force of vig'rous love, and ſhe (as ſhe thought) fully convinc'd of *Frankwit*'s death, urg'd by the fury and impatience of her new ardent Lover, ſoon ſurrender'd, and the day of their Nuptials now arriv'd, their hands were joyn'd. In the mean time *Frankwit*, (for he ſtill liv'd) knew nothing of the injury the baſe *Moorea* practic'd, knew not that 'twas thro her private order, that the fore-mention'd account of his falſhood and his death was ſent; but impatient to ſee his Dear *Belvira*, tho yet extremely weak, rid poſt to *London*, and that very day arriv'd there, immediately after the Nuptials of his Miſtreſs and his Friend were celebrated. I was at this time in *Cambridge*, and having ſome ſmall acquaintance with this Blackamoor Lady, and ſitting in her Room that evening, after *Frankwit*'s departure thence, in *Moorea*'s abſence, ſaw inadvertently a bundle of Papers,

which she had gathered up, as I suppose, to burn, since now they grew but useless, she having no further hopes of him; I fancy'd I knew the hand, and thence my curiosity only led me to see the name, and finding *Belvira* subscrib'd, I began to guess there was some foul play in hand, *Belvira* being my particularly intimate acquaintance: I read one of them, and finding the contents, convey'd them all secretly out with me, as I thought, in point of justice I was bound, and sent them to *Belvira* by that night's Post; so that they came to her hands soon after the minute of her Marriage, with an account how, and by what means I came to light on them. No doubt but they exceedingly surpriz'd her: but Oh! Much more she grew amaz'd immediately after, to see the poor, and now unhappy *Frankwit*, who privately had enquir'd for her before, being received as a stranger, who said he had some urgent business with her in a back Chamber below stairs. What Tongue, what Pen can express the mournful sorrow of this Scene: At first they both stood dumb, and almost senseless; she took Him for the Ghost of *Frankwit*; he looked so pale, new risen from his sickness, he (for he had heard at his entrance in the House, that his *Belvira* marry'd *Wildvil*) stood in a maze, and like a Ghost indeed, wanted the power to speak, till spoken to the first. At last, he draws his Sword, designing there to fall upon it in her presence; she then imagining it his

Ghost

Ghoſt too ſure, and come to kill her, ſhrieks out and ſwoons; he ran immediately to her, and catch'd her in his arms, and while he ſtrove to revive and bring her to herſelf, tho that he thought could never now be done, ſince ſhe was marry'd, *Wildvill* miſſing his Bride, and hearing the loud ſhriek, came running down, and entring the Room, ſees his Bride lye claſpt in *Frankwit*'s arms, Ha! Traytor! He crys out, drawing his Sword with an impatient fury, have you kept that Strumpet all this while, curſt *Frankwit*, and now think fit to put your damn'd caſt Miſtreſs upon me; could not you forbear her neither ev'n on my wedding day? Abominable Wretch! Thus ſaying, he made a full paſs at *Frankwit*, and run him thro the left arm, and quite thro the Body of the poor *Bekvira*; that thruſt immediately made her ſtart, tho *Frankwit*'s endeavours all before were uſeleſs. Strange! that her death reviv'd her! for ah! ſhe felt that now ſhe only liv'd to dye! ſtriving thro wild amazement to run from ſuch a Scene of horror, as her apprehenſions ſhew'd her; down ſhe dropt, and *Frankwit* ſeeing her fall, (all friendſhip diſannull'd by ſuch a chain of injuries) draws, fights with, and ſtabs his own lov'd *Wildvill*. Ah! who can expreſs the horror and diſtraction of this fatal miſunderſtanding! the Houſe was alarm'd, and in came poor *Celeſia*, running in confuſion juſt as *Frankwit* was offring to kill himſelf, to dye with a falſe friend, and perjur'd Miſtreſs,

for he suppos'd them such. Poor *Celesia* now bemoan'd her unhappiness of sight, and wish'd she again were blind. *Wildvill* dy'd immediately, and *Belvira* only surviv'd him long enough to unfold all their most unhappy fate, desiring *Frankwit* with her dying breath, if ever he lov'd her, (and now she said that she deserv'd his love, since she had convinc'd him that she was not false) to marry her poor dear *Celesia*, and love her tenderly for her *Belvira*'s sake; leaving her, being her neareſt Relation, all her fortune, and he, much dearer than it all, to be added to her own; so joyning his and *Celesia*'s Hands, she pour'd her last breath upon his Lips, and said, Dear *Frankwit*, *Frankwit*, I dye yours. With tears and wondrous sorrow he promis'd to obey her Will, and in some months after her interment, he perform'd his promise.

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